

TERMS:  
INvariably in Advance.  
One Copy, one year.....\$7.00  
One Copy, six months.....4.00  
Ten Copies, one year.....15.00

Advertising rates furnished on application.

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.—NUMBER 22.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 332.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion.....\$1.00  
Three squares, one insertion.....\$3.00  
Regular advertisers will find our rates to be as moderate as those of any other respectable paper.  
Business Notices, 15 cents per line. Advertising Notices, 10 cents per line. Deaths, 5 cents per line. Local Notices, 25 cents per line. Announcements, 10 cents per line. Births and Deaths, 5 cents per line. Obituaries, 10 cents per line. Notices, 5 cents per line. After, 10 cents per line. The rate of 5 cents per line, instead of 10 cents, as heretofore.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE  
In every particular, and our JOB MASTER is acknowledged the best in the State.  
Prices to suit the times.

## HOTELS.

## ROCKCASTLE SPRINGS

## NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS.

TERMS: \$30 per Month; \$5 per Week  
SPECIAL RATES TO PATRONS.  
Regular Stage leaves Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
T. C. EVANS, Prop'r.

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

## STANFORD, KY.

## W. F. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

Having taken charge of this Hotel, he is prepared to accommodate the public with good fare and excellent accommodations at low prices. He also keeps a stable in connection with the Hotel. 1824-1825

## HUFFMAN HOUSE.

## [Late Miller House.]

## LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

I have rented, newly painted, papered and newly furnished this Hotel. Commercial Travellers will find superior accommodations. An excellent

## LIVERY STABLE AND BAR

Are connected with the house.

## JOHN J. HUFFMAN, Prop'r.

## MYERS HOTEL,

## STANFORD, KY.

J. B. Owens having this day retired from the business, the undersigned has succeeded to the management of this old and well-known Hotel.

They are determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments or Attention to the comfort of guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travellers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars. An excellent Livery is attached.

Mr. E. H. Burnside will have the active control and management of the Hotel.

March 15, 1878.  
E. H. BURNSIDE.  
A. S. MYERS.

## ST. ASAPH HOTEL,

## STANFORD KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 25th. 1878

FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

## CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

## CRAB ORCHARD

## SPRINGS

## NOW OPEN.

TERMS: \$14 PER WEEK,

OR

\$45 PER MONTH.

Every effort will be made to make visitors comfortable and contented while there.

Kerker's Orchestra has been engaged for the season;

—ALSO—

A competent set of cooks and servants generally.

A liberal discount made to the citizens of Lincoln.

I. S. TEVIN, Manager.

May 20, 1878. 221-222

## W. CRAIG.

## J. &amp; L. SEASONGOOD &amp; CO.,

## WHOLESALE

## CLOTHING AND CLOTHING HOUSE

S. W. COR. 34 & VINE STS.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## J. S. HUGHES

## —WITH—

## McALPIN, POLK &amp; CO.,

109 PEARL & 119 3rd STS.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Wholesale Dealers in Importers of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

NOTIONS AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I will be glad to continue the connection in business with all my old friends, and promise to use all means to protect their interests.

J. S. HUGHES.

## CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY,  
JULY 22, 1878.

Editor Interior Journal.

As the Cincinnati S. R. R. will soon bring Chattanooga into direct communication with the fertile section of the "garden of the world," it may not be uninteresting to many of the gardeners to know something of the "Iron City" of Tennessee, its population, &c. In the last few years its population has increased from thirty-five hundred to eleven thousand five hundred, composed of all nationalities, pursuing all branches of business and trade—of course all classes and characters mingle in its busy hum. In many respects it reminds one much of Cincinnati, with the exception that the buildings are not jammed shapelessly together, that it might well be called the young Cincinnati. It is a city of an hundred mounds, of irregular shapes and sizes, many of which are crowned with beautiful home-like residences, around which, bloom tropical flowers of rare and exquisite beauty. The site of the city is one of surprising loveliness. From all parts can be seen, from Mission Ridge six miles above to Lookout Mountain four miles below, a semicircle line of mountains, whose battle-scarred brows almost cast their shadows with their breezes into the city. Lookout Mountain, the peer of them all, is a fitting monument to the dead heroes that sleep within its shadows. In fact, it frowns and weeps and smiles; as the misty clouds that wreath its vine-draped rocks obscure the sun, its face wears a dim gray sullen frown and when the clouds break refreshing all the valley with gentle rain—and the sunbeams sparkle far up in its glassy rocks and dewy foliage then it smiles in grand loveliness, thro its tears, and seems nearer to its ward, the murmuring little city. The other side of the city is guarded by the smooth-flowing Tennessee River, whose banks and braes equal in loveliness and beauty, though not in fame, "ye banks and braes of Bantry Doon." Far up and down can this coquetish River be seen here and there, like a wayward lover, turning away, but like a faithful one, as often returning to kiss the foot of the grand old Mountain, and ever embracing in its coils, level and productive farms. But now and then, as if enraged, as weary of gliding serenely on without bearing more commerce upon its glassy bosom, it comes quite out of its well-worn channel into the city; so that steamboats can run up into the principal business thoroughfare. Market street is the only business street of the place, and the only macadamized street. Pleasure carriages are by no means numerous, while pleasure boats are ever waiting at the water's edge. City lots and buildings, rent and sell very high, altogether too high while there is so much room for so many more. The fame accorded it as a business mart, is, I think, exaggerated, for though a great deal of business is done there, it has been well trumpeted. True, many furnaces and foundries, and factories of various stuffs and wares are ever bringing into the tradesman's tills the craved filthy lucre, yet it comes in very small pieces. No open-handed generosity is known, for the copper cent plays an important part in the trade.

Like other places surrounded by vast mineral wealth, capital seeks to tap a fountain, and draws capital and many enterprising spirits dwell among its motley populace. But just now, it would seem that every channel is full and no more can be done until new avenues are opened; and all are pausing in breathless expectation of the Cincinnati S. R. R. I am sorry to say that the morals of the city are the worst I ever knew in any place—depravity parades its brazen tools at noon-day. The people on the mountain-sides near the city, are mostly very poor, and very ignorant, while those who dwell in the "coves" and "glens" are mostly only "better off" pecuniarily. I neglected to say above, that many of the spirits who are Kentuckians—prominent among whom, is the gallant Col. W. A. Hoskins, and our former fellow-countryman, Col. J. B. Gileson.

While in Chattanooga we met many whose courteous bearing and frankness so recommended them that we would be glad to meet them often and know them well. The city has the reputation of being very healthy, but the fresh made mounds we saw in the Cemetery, together with those on which grow the sod, were so many compared to the population, that we cannot think it a healthy place. The Cemetery of a town or city, is the surest index to the refinement and culture of its people. The grounds of the Chattanooga Cemetery are beautifully arranged and well kept—but I

have never found in any other State, Cemeteries as highly embellished, and so speakingly adorned as those of our old Kentucky towns. There too, is a large National Cemetery, where sleep many thousands whose hearts often thrilled with enthusiasm as they marched after the soul-stirring music of life and drum. And there too, in another Cemetery are gathered together, and have their lives in defense of the "Lost Cause."

Indeed, it seems a fitting place for the soldiers burial ground—guarded round by mountain sentinels, whose faces are trenched and furrowed with long lines of fortifications from which the deep-mouthed cannon's voice thundered o'er the valley.

Already our letter has reached greater length than we intended, and yet, the story is all untold. We hope when Chattanooga can be more conveniently and directly reached, that your charming Lancaster correspondent, "Sappho," will visit there and fascinate your readers with such a description as will flow from her graphic pen.

## SHORT FELLOW.

There is much truth in the following dissertation upon the ways and wiles of the modern book agent: "The female book agent is no longer a gaunt, angular female, attired in widow's weeds and a strong odor of sanctity. This new agent is invariably young, pretty, lady-like and interesting. She enters with a persuasive eloquence in to some such exciting theme as the weather, and having once secured a hearing and rested herself on the proffered chair, she usually opens the campaign by mentioning to her victim the name of some well known gentleman who gave her encouragement in her new business. Then she produces the book. There is no escape—there is no appeal. The book is worth about forty cents, and is of course invariably on some subject about which nobody cares a cent, and is equally, of course, written by somebody of whom nobody has ever heard before. It makes no difference. The net is woven too well for escape, and the only thing to be done is to write down the name and agree to pay two dollars for a work that would bring twenty cents in a second-hand book store. But that female agent never fails, and one day, recently, she captured no less than twenty-one customers in one office, and of these, eighteen had never subscribed for a book before."

CARELESS WIVES.—It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very true of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the careless waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be hardly less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the ways to turn every thing in household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

THE LOQUACIOUS BARBER AND THE BEAR.—A Loquacious Barber being desirous of replenishing his Stock of Bear's grease, and, knowing a Bank whereon a wild Bear slept, armed himself with a Razor and proceeded noiselessly and on tip-toe to the Spot. He was just about to take the Bear by the Nose and cut his Throat, when his Professional Instinct impelled him to ask his intended Victim if he would not have a Bottle of Microphorus, to prevent the falling out of his hair! Thus apprised of his danger, the voracious Plantigrade had no Difficulty in killing the Loquacious Barber.

MORAL.—Go Thou and Do Likewise.

—[N. Y. World.]

The position of Pomeroy, the Massachusetts boy monster, is not so romantic as it was. "No officer is allowed to converse with him except in the strictest way of duty, his reading permit has been withdrawn, and he endures all the tortures of solitary confinement, with almost nothing to vary the awful monotony of his prison life. He was lately allowed to work a little at brush making, but he maliciously spoiled about \$75 worth of stock, and this privilege was denied him."

"Shall I help you to alight?" asked a city exquisite of a muscular country girl who was about to get out of a wagon that had just come up to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the wagon and indignantly exclaimed: "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke do you?"

## A Negro Funeral.

I dropped into a church for a few moments to listen to the funeral discourse of a colored preacher. He was telling the story of the five foolish virgins. "Now, my brethren," said he, in tones one would think would raise the dead, "this good brotherly in yere want no foolish virgin. He had his oil all ready, and good oil, too. He ain't cryin' out for oil 'bout dis time. Yer see dem foolish virgins dey want to sleep, and when dey woke up dar was de lamps, de wick was dry, dey had matches all ready—ebber ying was complete, but dey didn't hab no oil. Dar was a heap ob trouble, I tell you. Dey jes went cryin' an' screamin'—(how the preacher screamed!)—for oil. It want no use; I spee like 'Richard' dey cried out, 'My kingdom for a horse,' do in dis yer case it want no horse, only a drop ob oil, jes nuff to make a flicker. Dis good brother's lamp was runnin' ober, he was a wise virgin." And the congregation swayed and moaned and cried aloud. I followed this funeral procession to the grave under the pines—the moaning pines, the music of which is like that of our Newport beach—and stood, the only white person among them, and watched them lower the coffin into its last resting place. This they did with the rope rein, which they unhitched from the horse in the wagon which served as a hearse. Never shall I forget that scene—all those black faces turned toward the setting sun, the weird music of their funeral chant, the moans and strange cries of the whole assembly as the red clay was thrown in upon their colored "brudder" whose lamp burned brightly. "Don't yer cry no mo," but sing "Home, Sweet Home" (a negro hymn) as sweetly as he who departed is a singing it will de angels dis minnit." And I came away, the music of their hymn growing fainter and fainter as I came up through the rose-scented town, till they were far behind me, but I shall never cease to hear that song.—[Cor. Boston Transcript.]

## Life at White Sulphur Springs.

It is the nearly universal custom of the hab' to repair to the spring before breakfast to drink the water, or to the bathing establishment for a bath, though for the latter many prefer a longer hour in the day. From half past eight to half past nine breakfast is served in the great dining-room of the hotel, to which the occupants of the cottages, in common with those of the main building, repair to take their meals—sometimes through torrents of rain, which is the price paid for the greater quiet, retirement, and freedom of cottage life. After breakfast the parlor is thronged, and the ten-pin alley, shooting-gallery, billiard-table, croquet ground, and at noon the "German" in the hall room, have their votaries. Promenades under oaks on the lawn or to Lover's Walk, drives, rides, the last newspaper or magazine, and every species of occupation consistent with the sweet do nothing of the time and place, then follow; and at half past ten, with appetites sharpened by the mountain air—warm in the middle of the day, but so chill as night that blankets are necessary in the middle of July often—the company, numbering sometimes more than a thousand, have dinner served to them in the great dining-room, where at each of the small tables a little circle interchanges jest and laughter. In the afternoon the programme of the forenoon is repeated, especially the riding, driving, and walking to picturesque points in the vicinity; and after tea the parlor, larger than the East Room in the White House at Washington, is the scene of interminable waltzes and Germans—on two nights in the week of full-dress balls.—[John Esten Cooke, in Harper's Magazine for August.]

## Don't Believe in Advertising.

The man who says he "doesn't believe in advertising," unconsciously all the while is doing just what he deprecates. He hangs coats outside his door, or puts dry goods in his windows—that's advertising. He sends out drummers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising. If he has lost a cow, he puts a written notice in the post-office or tells his sister-in-law—and that's advertising, too. He has his name put up in gilt letters over his door—what is that but advertising? He paints his shop green or red, or, if a tailor, he wears the latest style; if a doctor, he has his boy call him out of church in haste; if an auctioneer, he bellows to attract the attention of passers-by; if a wealthy merchant, he keeps a huge pile of boxes on his side-walk in front of the store—and all for advertising. A man can't do business without advertising, and the question is, whether to call his aid the engine that moves the world—the printing press—with its thousands of messengers working night and day, the steam engine adding to its repeating capacity untold power and miraculous speed; or, rejecting all these, to go back to the days when newspapers, telegraph and railroads were unknown. "But advertising cost money." So does every thing that is worth having. If advertising cost nothing, all the second, third and fourth-class petty shops would stand an equal chance with the most responsible houses. If you want to prove to the world that yours is a first-class establishment, advertise.

## THE EXTENT OF LONDON.—London covers nearly 700 square miles. It numbers more than 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotsmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff. Has a birth in every five minutes and a death in every eight minutes; has seven accidents in its every day in its 7,000 miles of streets; has 124 persons every day, and 45,000 annually, added to its population; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, and has 138,000 drunkards annually brought before the magistrates.

If the leg of a crab be fractured, it throws off the injured limb near the body. And it has the power of doing so apparently for two purposes, to save the excessive flow of blood which always takes place at the first wound, and to lay bare the organ which is to reproduce the future limb; as soon as the injured limb has been thrown off, the bleeding stops; but if the animal is unable, from weakness or any other cause, to effect this, the result is fatal. The growth of the new limb is slow, until after the period of the next moulting, when it rapidly assumes its full proportions.

Reverend Jasper has two crushing questions—"If de sun do not move why Joshua command it to stan' still?" he inquires, and then he sits down and says, "I'll wait sixty year for you to repsondicate to dat." And when the next astronomer comes along he exclaims, "If de earth bein' 'suar, how does de anjils stan' 'pon the fow camers?" And then he smiles contemptuously and winks one eye in a slow and eloquent manner.—[Graphic.]

Eight years ago there worked a devil in the office of the Wytheville, Ga., Dispatch a boy apparently 18 years of age. He was shoeless, penniless, and trowerless when he entered. Now he is a commissioner to the Paris Exposition, chief editor of the Atlanta Constitution, and one of the best known humorists in the country. His name is S. W. Small, or "Old Si."

A young lady at a ball at Dublin Castle displayed her charms so freely that a looker-on turned to Chief Justice Doherty with, "Did you ever see the like of that since you were born?" "Well," said the Judge, "certainly not since I was weaned!"

This is an opinion worth having: "I have become a Christian," said a gentleman to his friend. "Good," was the reply, "and now I hope you will pay that little bill you owe me." "No," he answered, "religion is religion, and business is business."

"Vat a monster language," says a Frenchman; "here I read in ze newspaper zat a man commit a murder, was committed to trial, and zen committed himself to a reportair. No wonder everyting in America is done by de commitee!"

The man who begins a newspaper card, "My attention has been called," is a self-proclaimed idiot. Men of common sense see things for themselves, and don't lie about them.—[Daniel Padman.]

## Wait and See.

When my boy, with eager questions, Asking how and where and when, Tasse all my stores of wisdom, Asking o'er and o'er again, Questions oft to which the answers Give to others all the key, I have said, to teach him patience, "Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling Taught to me a lesson sweet: Once when all the world seemed darkened, And the storm about me beat, To the "children's room" I hastened him, To his father's room I hastened him, With a child's sweet ministry, To his father's room I hastened him, Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiding, Came the darling's words to me, To the "children's room" I hastened him, Hiding me still wait and see. What are we but restless children, Ever asking what shall be? Let the Father's will be done, Gently told in "Wait and see."

—[Christian Treasury.]

## Eastern Star.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Eugenia Dunlap Potts, and deposited with an Eastern Star prepared by her, in the care of Hon. Althia A. Burton.

When mortal clay returns to dust, When falls the sand that tells the hours, What lovelier gift may friendship bear Than nature's blessing, fragrant flowers? Our hands have plucked from Garden soil These speaking emblems bright and fair; They grew in the Kentucky home Where glowing life was lighted there.

In token of the angel robes That wrap the ransomed soul in white, We offer thee in blossom sweet, The spotless, pure, unstained White.

A Yellow sheaf of ripened grain We place above our brother's form: It tells of harvest gathered in— Of gentle peace brought down from heaven.

The Red portrays the wars of life, The cause that struggled with the most known; But crimson stains are washed away, And made in heaven white as snow.

The Springing sod of earth so green, Shall cover soon thy mortal frame; Th' emblem of the Eden field, Thy life of the redeemed soul.

And then, our loveliest, do we crown, As thou hast come to us after, And bring from thy Kentucky home This fragrant, sweet Eastern Star.

## Model of a Pullman Car at Paris.

An English paper says: "The model car sent to the Paris Exposition by the Pullman Company, of America, is 30 in. long, 8 in. wide, and is constructed entirely of gold and oxidized silver. It is furnished perfectly to the most minute detail. The rails upon which it stands are silver and the wheels gold. The platform at either end is of gold, chased with crossed lines to represent the uneven surface of the common platform. The body of the car is of oxidized silver, exquisitely chased, and the doors of the same, while the knobs and hinges are of gold. Windows of plate glass, shaded with silk curtains, alternate with mirrors in rich frames. The revolving easy chairs and footstools are of silver covered with silk velvet, and even the inevitable spittoon, no larger than a porcelain button, is perfectly made in silver. On the floor lies a handsome velvet carpet, and at each door the accustomed mat. The ceiling is tastefully frescoed; and tiny but perfect lamps of crystal are suspended thereupon, while the ventilators around the top of the car are minute doors of gold. Looking in at one of the windows you see locked securely in its closest stove, of silver, which supplies warmth, and is another window you see that the dressing-room, with all its appointments is not forgotten. The cost of the toy was \$2,600, and its weight is 108 lbs."

## The Language of the Gloves.

The English girls have improved upon the language of the fan, and the handkerchief by devising a very copious vocabulary of the gloves, which, for the benefit of American women, we beg to "translate" from an English contemporary. It runs thus—

Drop a glove—Yes.

Crumple the glove in the right hand—No.

Half unclose the left hand—Indifference.

Tap the left shoulder with the glove—Follow me.

Tap the chin with the glove—I love you no longer.

Turn the gloves inside out—I hate you!

Fold the gloves neatly—I should like to be with you.

Put on the left glove, leaving the thumb uncovered—Do you love me?

Drop both gloves—I love you.

Twirl the gloves round the fingers—Be careful; we are watched.

Slap the back of the hand with the glove—I am vexed.

Take a glove in each hand and separate the hands—I am furious.—[N. Y. World.]

## CHANCES AT DICE.—There are 38 chances upon two dice. It is an even chance that you throw 8. It is 35 to 1 against throwing any particular doublet, and 6 to 1 against throwing any doublet. It is 17 to 1 against throwing any two desired numbers. It is 4 to 9 against throwing a single number with either of the dice, so as to hit a blot or enter. Against hitting with the amount of two dice the chances against 7, 8 and 9 are 5 to 1; against 10, 11 and 12 are 1 to 1; and against sixes, 35 to 1.



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,  
Friday Morning, July 26, 1878.  
W. F. Walton, Editor.  
**DEMOCRATIC TICKET.**  
FOR COUNTY JUDGE,  
ELLIS W. BROWN.  
COUNTY CLERK,  
JOHN ELAIN.  
COUNTY ATTORNEY,  
W. H. MILLER.  
SHERIFF,  
O. J. CROW.  
JAILER,  
THOS. D. NEWLAND.  
ASSESSOR,  
T. M. PENNINGTON.  
SURVEYOR,  
JOHN L. BALL.  
CORONER,  
JAMES GOODE.  
CONSTABLE,  
C. V. GENTRY.

**THE CONGRESSIONAL RACE.**—By reference to another column it will be seen how Garrard county instructed her delegates last Monday. Casey divided her vote between Durham, (3 55-100) Thompson (3 55-100) and Fox, (88-100). Wayne also pro rated. Durham got 5; Fox, 3 1/2, and Thompson, 1 1/2. All the counties have voted and instructed, and the following table will show how the candidates will go into the Convention:

Durham	51 1/2
Thompson	47 1/2
Turner	28 1/2
Fox	25 1/2

It takes 78 votes to elect. Both Durham's friends and Thompson's are sure of victory, while those of Fox are sanguine. It is believed that Durham has developed all the strength he is likely to receive, and that the race will be between Thompson and Fox, with the chances largely in favor of the former.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says that Mr. Hayes and his cabinet have decided to put on a bold war front with Mexico, and remarks that a war will do more to build up the dying Republican party than any other expedient that could be resorted to, and will also distract the attention of the country from the manifold shortcomings of this Administration, which are now being rather severely criticised.

Mrs. SIST and her colored servant girl were peeling peaches one day this week in Albemarle county, Virginia, when they became involved in a quarrel. The girl called her mistress a "stinking liar," which so enraged her that she jumped upon her and cut her throat from ear to ear. The girl died in a few moments and Mrs. SIST immediately went crazy.

A NOTORIOUS Texas desperado, named Sam Bass, was pursued by a Sheriff's posse and arrested at Round Rock, last week, but not until he had killed one deputy Sheriff, wounded another deputy, and killed one of the posse. A well directed shot laid him out and he was taken to jail. He has since died in great agony, thank the Lord.

JOHN R. MORRISON, who gained some notoriety as publisher of the late Louisville Daily Globe and Evening Ledger, is in jail in Louisville, charged with stealing diamonds. His examining trial resulted in his being sent on to the grand jury, and his bond fixed at \$1,000, which he was unable to give.

The Democratic Convention at San Antonio, Texas, worked five days and took fifty ballots in its attempt to nominate a candidate for Governor without success. On the sixth day the opposing candidates were withdrawn, and Chief Justice Roberts was nominated by acclamation.

A new bank with a capital of \$100,000 has just been organized in Lexington, Ky. It is called the "Wilgus National Bank" and its subscribers and directors are among the safest capitalists. J. P. Metcalf is President and J. B. Wilgus, Cashier.

Six squares of the town of Catlettsburg, this State, were entirely consumed by fire on Monday. The burnt district included all the business portion of town, and the loss is estimated at over \$200,000. Unfortunately, there is but little insurance.

A TELEGRAM was received at Frankfort Wednesday, stating that the Catlettsburg people were homeless and suffering, and asking for aid. A meeting was called for the purpose of raising subscriptions which will be forwarded to the sufferers at once.

CHARLES DENHAM, a young man from Somerset who was in the employ of Wm. Glenn, of Cincinnati, as book keeper, has been arrested for embezzling the funds of his employer, by making false entries.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun will be visible in some of the Western States next Monday. Only a partial eclipse will be noticeable here, and if you want to see it, look out about 4 P. M.

YELLOW FEVER broke out a few days ago in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It is supposed that the disease was communicated by a lot of Cuban ballast that was thrown out there.

NEXT Monday week, the duty will be devolved on us of selecting our County Officers for the ensuing term. The Democracy has presented a good ticket, and each member of the party should see that it is elected in full. The Republicans have nominated no regular ticket but they have several candidates whom they will support in a body and look to disaffected Democrats to help them in the struggle. No man worthy of the name of Democrat will aid them in this, but there are weak kneed individuals, who claim the name, who have to be watched to keep them true to the party and to their own interests. To this end Precinct Committees were appointed by the Democratic County Committee last April, with authority to take any legitimate steps in their respective districts that may be necessary to forward and protect the interests of the party. We have heard of no action on their part, they no doubt believing that the ticket will be elected any way. But in a race of this kind nothing should be taken for granted, and it would be a disgrace to the party should they let the Republican aspirants to some of the fastest offices walk off with the prize. We earnestly hope that the Committees and all others who value the success of the Democratic party, will go to work and see that the whole ticket will be elected by a larger majority than ever before known in the county.

A Fluvanna county (Va.) man started on a depopulating tour on Tuesday. He first murdered his wife, then his mother-in-law (nobody blames him for that), one of his children, and would have made away with his other two, but they saw their danger and fled. Then sighing because there were no more to kill, he commenced on himself and soon extinguished his own sanguinary light. Four in one day is pretty good work, and kinder lays over the dark and bloody ground.

HON. EPPA HUNTON and one Alexander, of Washington City, have been waging a fierce quarrel over some Act that Hunton had passed by the last Congress, contrary to the wishes of Alexander. A challenge for a duel was sent by Hunton, but Alexander refused to notice it. Hunton then sent one in a registered letter, but still Alexander refused to accept. The honorable Hunton then published him in the Washington papers as a liar, a poltroon and a coward.

A DESPERATE street fight occurred in Nashville Tuesday between four sons of Judge Baxter and one Sam'l Hicks. Hicks succeeded in killing one of the Baxters before he himself was killed. A negro girl received a stray shot, and was seriously wounded. The affair grew out of some derogatory remarks made by Hicks of Judge Baxter during a political speech. The other Baxter boys were held in \$20,000 bonds for their appearance Monday week.

THE Frankfort Yeoman gives the following good advice, which our people would do well to heed: "Make up your mind not to cast your vote for a Republican at any time when there is a Democratic ticket regularly announced. Never scratch a name from the list because you do not like the individual. The success of the party is more to be considered than any mere personal prejudice."

THE New Orleans Democrat says: "Come South, young man, come South. The weather report makes New Orleans the second coolest city in the Union—no sun-strokes and plenty of breeze. While the thermometer marked 98 in St. Louis and 95 in Chicago, it stood only 88 in New Orleans. Come South for cool weather by all means."

It is more than probable that the bid of R. G. Huston & Co., for the completion of the Cincinnati Southern R. R. will be accepted. The firm are noted Railroad builders and have the reputation of carrying out their contracts to a letter. They have already done a great deal of work on the C. S. R. R.

THERE were two hundred and forty deaths from sun-stroke in six days in St. Louis, and had the severe heat continued there would have been left in the city but few persons who were able to leave. As it was, thousands of people flocked to the cooling shades of the Summer resorts.

The Richmond Register has purchased a power press and enlarged to a 36-column. Green and Tipton are doing their level best to lay over any other paper in the State, and are moving in that direction at a lively rate.

LAMPS are again coming into general use in the cities. In Cincinnati, 20,000 have been sold in the last three months. The saving effected by their introduction is estimated at from 50 to 85 per cent.

THE Potter Investigating Committee is now in session at Atlanta City, N. J. The evidence of Radical trickery and rascality in the Louisiana elections still continues to thicken.

THE Reporter says that Renfro, who killed the Hensou and escaped, has been captured, and returned to the jailer at Somerset. There was a reward of \$300 for him.

C. H. LUCAS, of the Pulaski Citizen, has purchased a half interest in the Danville Local, and the paper will become Republican at once.

A MAN named Stickney shot and killed his mistress in Cincinnati the other day, for no excuse whatever; the papers teem with accounts of rape and seduction, and yet the same papers fling it in our face that more crime is committed in the "dark and bloody ground" than any where in the United States. We are not disposed to say a word in extenuation of the crimes committed in Kentucky, but we believe the record will show that Ohio has just about two to her one.

THE Cincinnati Southern R. R. made \$61,885.66 clear of expenses during the quarter ending June 30th.

## BOYLE COUNTY NEWS.

### Shelby City.

SICK.

Mrs. R. L. Reynolds is very ill with something like the flux.

THE WHEAT CROP

is said to be turning out much less than the farmers expected.

### SCHOOL.

Miss Sallie Armstrong commenced teaching a five months' school in Shelby City last Monday. With Miss Potts for her assistant we believe they will teach a good school, and try to advance all who are put under their charge as pupils.

### DEATH.

Sanderson Dameron who was living with R. L. Reynolds, died last Saturday night. His loss is regretted by his many friends in this vicinity. He was taken to his mother's old home place on Green River, in Adams county, and buried, on the farm he was raised on, with Masonic honors.

### HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

On the night of the 19th of July, three men, supposed to be white, secreted themselves under some trees near Shelby City, and when a gentleman by the name of Page, a sewing machine agent, came along, the party ordered Page to halt, but Page thinking they were halting some one else, failed to obey their summons, but soon found out that he was wanted by being struck on the head a severe blow, and then in the left side, the bullet striking a rib and running around so as not to be dangerous. Immediately after the shot one of the robbers seized Page and relieved him of two hundred and three dollars. He was not able to give a close description of the robbers. We hope that all good citizens will use every effort to have the guilty party arrested and punished. Page, the robbed man, is now able to get around again.

### Garrard County Democratic Convention.

LANCASTER, Ky., July 22, 1878.

At a mass convention of the Democrats of Garrard county, July 22nd, 1878, Hon. Mat Walton, Chairman of the Democratic county Committee, called the meeting to order, and briefly stated its object.

Hon. G. W. Dunlap, Sr., was unanimously elected Chairman. R. L. Grinnan, Secretary. A. B. Elkin, Assistant. After a brief and eloquent address by the Chairman, the following preamble and resolutions were presented by Geo. W. Dunlap, Jr.:

WHEREAS, The Democratic party of the County of Garrard approve the call for a District Convention, to be held at Somerset, Palaski county, on the 27th day of August, 1878, to nominate a candidate for Congress to represent this District. Be it resolved, That each candidate give his ratable strength in this county as determined by this Convention, and that the majority of the delegates to each of the respective candidates for Congress to represent this District. Be it resolved, That each candidate give his ratable strength in this county as determined by this Convention, and that the majority of the delegates to each of the respective candidates for Congress to represent this District. Be it resolved, That each candidate give his ratable strength in this county as determined by this Convention, and that the majority of the delegates to each of the respective candidates for Congress to represent this District.

Resolved, That the delegates to the Somerset Convention, be selected by the friends of the respective candidates in the proportion that the number of votes cast for each candidate bears to the whole number of votes cast here to-day.

The vote being taken on the substitute, it was lost, and a vote on the previous question resulted in its adoption.

In pursuance of the resolutions adopted, the vote was taken, and resulted as follows: Durham, 506; Thompson, 140; Fox, 51, and Turner, 41, which entitles each candidate to the following votes and parts of votes in the Somerset Convention:

Durham, 77 1/2; Thompson, 1-65-75; Fox, 51-75, and Turner 41-75.

The following delegates were then appointed by the Chairman: Dr. Jennings Price, H. C. Kaufman, Louis Leavel, Dr. Armstrong, Ed. Slavin, R. L. Tomlinson, Alex. Doty, Mat Walton, H. T. Noel, C. W. Swenney and T. A. Elkin.

The following resolutions were then offered, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved: Respecting confidence in the integrity, moral worth and ripe scholarship of the Reverend James L. Allen, of Boyle county, we heartily recommend him to the Democracy of Kentucky, as every way qualified to fill the place of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Resolved, That the Louisville Courier-Journal, Lexington Journal, Danville Advocate, and the General News be furnished with a copy of these proceedings for publication.

G. W. DUNLAP, Chm'r.

R. L. GRINNAN, Sec'y.

A. B. ELKIN.

### MADISON COUNTY NEWS.

#### PERSONAL.

John F. Edmonston, of your city, has chosen this village as a point of rustication during the heated term, and may be frequently seen perambulating our thoroughfares during the cool of the mornings and evenings.

#### HEIRING TO THE SPRINGS.

A goodly number of our citizens are contemplating visiting State Lick Springs—a popular Summer resort near Berea—among whom I mention Col. W. P. Hewitt and family, Capt. J. P. Simmons and family, Tandy Curtis, Capt. Hagan, &c., &c.

#### POLITICAL.

The Radicals of this county, it seems, have concluded not to let the Democracy have a "walk over" in the races for county offices. Hence, nearly all of our candidates are said to have opposition. We have a spirited race in this District for the office of Magistrate.

#### Kirkville.

##### PERSONAL.

John F. Edmonston, of your city, has chosen this village as a point of rustication during the heated term, and may be frequently seen perambulating our thoroughfares during the cool of the mornings and evenings.

##### HEIRING TO THE SPRINGS.

A goodly number of our citizens are contemplating visiting State Lick Springs—a popular Summer resort near Berea—among whom I mention Col. W. P. Hewitt and family, Capt. J. P. Simmons and family, Tandy Curtis, Capt. Hagan, &c., &c.

##### POLITICAL.

The Radicals of this county, it seems, have concluded not to let the Democracy have a "walk over" in the races for county offices. Hence, nearly all of our candidates are said to have opposition. We have a spirited race in this District for the office of Magistrate.

#### C. H. LUCAS, of the Pulaski Citizen,

has purchased a half interest in the Danville Local, and the paper will become Republican at once.

## AGRICULTURAL.

We are needing rain in this section. Meadows are being harvested, and are turning out well. The wheat crops that have been threshed are not coming up to the expectation of farmers by nearly one-third, though the quality of the grain is unusually good. Corn crops up to this time are excellent, but a drought at this time would change the prospect materially in a short time.

## RELIGIOUS.

A protracted meeting of two weeks' duration at the new Christian church here closed Sunday before last. The services throughout were conducted by C. P. Williamson, of the Apollonian Times, Lexington. The interest from the first was of such a character that the house was full every night, notwithstanding the excessively hot weather prevailing at the time. There were 48 additions to the church during the meeting; 39 by confession and baptism, the remainder by letters and restoration. A Sunday School has been organized in the new house, with a membership of 75 names; with D. B. Willis, Superintendent; Dr. J. B. S. Frisbie, J. M. Smith and Joseph Tinsley, Assistants.

## THE KIRKVILLE FAIR.

Came off on the 19th and 20th insts., as announced. The attendance on the last day was fair; the rings, generally, well represented. An abundance of choice eatables was spread on both days for all present. The ring this year was in the beautiful shady woodland belonging to Mr. Thomas Burnham, on the pike leading to Paint Lick. Taken altogether, the Fair proved profitable to the stock-holders, and enjoyable to those in attendance. About the close of the Fair, an affray occurred between End Woolwine and Letcher Long, during which Woolwine fired one shot at his antagonist, without doing any damage. Long fled precipitately. Woolwine was promptly arrested, and thus the matter terminated.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

### W. F. Kennedy Speaks a Word for his Brother Grover.

In justice to humanity I ask the people to read a short article concerning my brother Grover Kennedy. He is powerless, and his enemies are at work constantly, and not satisfied with the result of his trial recently, they now try to traduce him by slander, by misrepresentation and lies. Grover Kennedy is my brother, reared by the same parents, who are now broken-hearted at the sentence pronounced on him. We have loved each other from boyhood; not as hyenas—as the Kennedy family has been spoken of, but as men who have souls, and are willing to do for each other as much as any brothers who ever lived. There are many guests at Crab Orchard Springs, and it is natural that they ask questions concerning a man whose name has been before the public as much as my brother's. They get answers to these questions that are not complimentary to my brother, nor are they any ways relating to truth. One says Grover Kennedy instructed his children to kill Judge Denny—the prosecuting attorney, as soon as they could shoot true to a mark; this is a base falsehood, and hardened would be the heart of a person who could fabricate such a story. Another brother has gone to hard drinking; another falsehood; he is perfectly at himself, but the most dejected man, the saddest man to be found. I have not been able to leave home long enough to visit him as yet, but I hear from him every day or two, and every one says Grover is well, has many friends, but a very sad man. Another falsehood now in circulation, is this: Grover Kennedy dared Judge Denny to prosecute him, saying to his face, "you are a coward and dare not prosecute me." This is given as the reason why that Attorney was so bitter in his invectives, and went outside of the record and the testimony to reflect upon the character of the defendant, and of his family and friends. Nothing of the kind ever occurred. Not one unpleasant word was ever spoken by Grover to, or about the prosecuting attorney. Whatever may be his faults, my brother is not an idiot, and his conduct since the first trial has been so prudent, circumspect and irreproachable in every regard, as to have excited the favorable comment of an entire county.

Respectfully, W. F. KENNEDY.

### Don't let his style of Bullets.

Don't let his style of Bullets.

You will oblige us by giving space to the following:

The editor of the Danville Advocate is a little out of regard to carelessness of Mail Agents on the Knoxville Branch, (L. & N. R. R.). He charges us with carrying his papers beyond their destination, and that certain subscribers fail to get their papers. It is no wonder they don't get them at times. It is not unfrequent that the papers are misdirected. Only last Friday the package of papers for Milledgeville, Ky., was directed to Mitchellburg, Ky., and delayed twenty-four hours. Also, we are informed by the P. M. at Mitchellburg, that the Nevada (Ky.) papers lay in the Perryville P. O. instead of being forwarded, hence their delay.

It is our sworn duty to be prompt, reliable and attentive, and if in the future the Advocate has any complaints to make, we would respectfully refer it to H. B. Jenks, Louisville, Ky., Chief of Mail Agents, and not try to bulldoze us through the columns of a newspaper.

Respectfully, J. B. LAURENCE, P. F. HAWLEY.

Mail Ag'ts Knoxville Branch, July 24th, 1878.

## Obituary.

Died, near Hall's Gap, July 17th, Rebecca Bourne. The life of this child was one of Christian grace and more than woman's fortitude. A jewel has been taken from the treasury of household love. Life was demanded by him whose fall is irreparable. We do not offer comfort, He who laid the chastening rod and sent pain, only can give peace.

## To the Voters of Lincoln County.

I have for some time been an independent candidate for the office of Assessor in this county, but there are several independent candidates for the same office, and I feel it impossible, after offering them every thing fair, for us to come to any understanding as to which of us shall have the trust, so upon consultation with my friends and acting according to their advice, I hereby declare myself no longer a candidate. With grateful acknowledgments to those who have stood by me until now, I retire, and I will give you friends for friends wherever they may think proper.

Respectfully, G. W. BALL.

July 22nd, 1878.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THOS. W. VARNON, WALTER F. VARNON, T. W. & W. E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY.  
Office in Court Square.

## TARRANT COLLEGE!

### CRAB ORCHARD, KY.

The Fourth Annual Session of this First-class School for Young Ladies, will be Commenced Monday, August 5th, 1878.

Mrs. S. F. H. Tarrant, Principal, and Teacher of French, Higher Mathematics and Elocution.

Mrs. E. M. Mayes, Music, Vocal and Instrumental.

Miss Mattie E. Coleman, Art and Calligraphy.

Miss Fannie Farley, Assistant Teacher. Miss Flora M. Wheat, Primary.

Board and Tuition in Literary, \$15 per Month, Tuition in Music \$5 per Month, Oil Painting, 50c Month.

Send for Catalogue.

Mrs. S. F. H. TARRANT, Crab Orchard, Ky.

## STOVES AND TINWARE.

I keep on hand and for sale all kinds of Heating and Cooking Stoves of the best patterns. Also, Tinware in great variety.

## GUTTERING AND ROOFING.

REPAIRING MACHINERY!

of all kinds promptly attended to. Give me a call at my shop just above the Commercial Hotel.

PETER STRAUD, Ag't.

## FARM FOR SALE!

On Friday, 13th Sept., 1878,

I will offer for sale the farm on which I now reside. Said farm contains

Two Hundred and Thirty Acres

of rich land, about 85 acres of which is under cultivation, and the remainder well set in clover, timothy and blue-grass. It is one of the most desirable farms in Lincoln county, and is situated on the turnpike, about 7 miles from Stanford, Ky., and within one mile of McKinney's Station, which is on the Cincinnati Southern Railway. There are 7 never failing Springs of excellent water on the place, and the improvements are first rate. This farm was formerly owned by John Wright. I will sell the whole farm or a part. I propose to offer 125 acres upon which the dwelling-house and out-buildings are situated, and I will then offer the other 105 acres upon which there are no buildings, and I will then offer the whole place. I will take pleasure in showing the farm to any desiring to purchase, and any communications addressed to me at McKinney's Station, Ky., will receive prompt attention. TERMS:—A purchase money cash, the remainder in 12 months, note bearing 6 per cent. interest. A lien will be retained upon the land until all the purchase money shall be paid. Possession of the premises will be given on the 1st day of January, 1879.

J. H. WALKER.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ICE! ICE! ICE!

Having gathered a large quantity of

Excellent Ice

I will deliver it in regular customers in Stanford, every morning, at

ONE CENT PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month. Prompt settlement required.

R. E. BARROW.

## PROCLAMATION

BY THE

GOVERNOR.

\$200 REWARD!

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Whereas, it has been made known to me by Hon. J. A. Lytle, and by the affidavits of credible persons, that several armed men unlawfully considered and banded together on the night of June 24th, 1878, and went forth and burned the dwelling-house occupied by James Wickertown and by Francis Lair, situated in Lincoln county, Kentucky, and that said lawless men are now fugitives from justice going at large.

Now, therefore, I, JAMES B. McCREARY, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do hereby offer a Reward of Two Hundred Dollars for the apprehension of said persons and their conviction, or the return of said dwelling-house and its contents, in testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the Seal of the Commonwealth to be affixed. Done at Frankfort the 11th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and in the eighty-seventh year of the Commonwealth.

By the Governor, JAMES B. McCREARY.

By THOS. S. BRONSTON, Sec'y of State.

Secretary of State.

## J. N. DAVIS' GROCERY CONFECTIONERY

—AND—

VARIETY STORE.

The public are informed that I have opened a Large Stock of goods at my store room, near the depot, in STANFORD, consisting of

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING,

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, WINES,

LIQUORS, Etc., Etc.,

And an endless variety of SUNDRY ARTICLES

A FAMILY SUPPLY STORE

In what I will keep, and the citizens of town, the furthest and truest, can find at my house anything they need, at city retail prices.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

LADIES' FANCY GOODS,

Selected with care, and which she will sell at price to suit the times.

Thanking her friends for past favors, she respectfully solicits an early call.

THE MANTUA-MAKING DEPARTMENT will be conducted by MRS. MYERS and MRS. DUDDEAR, whose taste and skill are well-known to the trade.

J. N. DAVIS, Near the Depot.

# COST! COST! COST!

## NOW IS YOUR CHANCE FOR GREAT BARGAINS

—AT THE—

# THE NEW STORE!

UNDER THE NEW HOTEL.

## TO REDUCE OUR IMMENSE STOCK,

—WE—

## NOW OFFER OUR ENTIRE STOCK

—OF—

## SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

## DRY GOODS, WHITE GOODS, LAWNS, JACONETS, PIQUES,

SWISSES, HOSIERY, &c.

## MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING, LADIES' & MEN'S HATS,

BOOTS & SHOES, NOTIONS. ALSO

## 500 PIECES OF EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS,

OF ALL WIDTHS AND PRICES,

## AT AND BELOW COST!

CALL IN TIME AND SECURE BARGAINS AT

## S. PRAGHEIMER'S NEW STORE,

UNDER THE NEW HOTEL, STANFORD, KY.



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, July 26, 1878.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

FEET JARS AT BOHON & SONS.

BIRD SEED AT ANDERSON & McROBERTS.

BEST MIXED PAINTS IN TOWN AT ANDERSON & McROBERTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR PAINTS OF ALL KINDS AT CHENAIL'S.

FEATHER DUSTERS FOR 25 CENTS AT BOHON & SONS.

BEST LARD OIL AND OTHER MACHINERY OILS AT BOHON & SONS.

FOR SALE—A lot of No. 1 Scrapers. Apply to W. P. Walton.

BEST TOILET SOAP AND PERFUMERY IN TOWN AT ANDERSON & McROBERTS.

SEWING MACHINES OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED AND ADJUSTED BY CARSON & DODDS.

PURE, ICE COLD, DELICIOUS. That's the kind of Soda Water you get at Chenail's at five cents a glass.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF TOILET SOAPS, hair, nail, tooth brushes, and perfumery, very cheap at Chenail's.

FOR RENT—My Store Room and residence in Stanford. A large Pork House and other buildings will be rented with the Apply to Wm. M. Hall, Stanford, Kentucky.

AN UNDELIABLE TRUTH.—You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you—your unreasonably prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Kickless Fall Cure for Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual constipation, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, etc. It is sales now reach every town on the Western Continent, and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you. For sale at Bohon & SONS.

A REMARKABLE PUBLICATION.—The enterprising New York Publisher, Frank Leslie, supplies the reading public with more pleasant, interesting and instructive literature than any other purveyor of mental pabulum in the country; and in his Popular Monthly he has achieved one of his greatest successes, and produced a really remarkable, and beyond question, the cheapest magazine published in the world! Each number contains 128 quarto pages of choice reading matter, and over 100 engravings, and the rich feast for the mind with the abundant accompanying embellishments, is afforded for 25 cents, the price of a single number, or \$3 per annum, sent free of postage. It opens with Mr. Frank Leslie's very interesting descriptive article, "Scenes in Sun-Land" (15 cents); "Aga Khan," an original sketch of recent travel, by Agnes Lecher, illustrated by J. M. A. Denison; "How Widow Willets was Sold Out" (illustrated); "The Life of Bernard Palissy, the Potter" (profusely illustrated), etc. "Madame de Genlis and her Times," by M. Pollock; "The Secret of the Beech Wood," by Jane G. Austin; and various other short stories, sketches, etc., will afford the reader considerable gratification. "Rural Road to India," by David Kerr, will attract particular attention at this time. Professor Charles A. Joy contributes a valuable paper, "History of Electric Magnetism and its Application to the Telegraph." The history of Electricity is traced through all its stages from the time of Thales, 600 years B. C., down to the present time. Over 100 illustrations, portraits, etc. Address your orders to Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

## PERSONAL.

MISS BELLE BOOT is visiting in Garrard county.

MISS JOSE BOULEY is visiting the Misses Lytle.

MISS COL. W. G. WELCH is a guest of the Crab Orchard Springs.

MISS COL. T. P. HILL went yesterday to spend some time at the Crab Orchard Springs.

MISS GEO. H. BURCK, looking all the better for her visit, returned from Irvine, a few days ago.

Capt. J. C. PLATT, the commanding clerk of the Crab Orchard Springs, was in our office this week.

MISS JENNIE HODGINS, of Kirkville, who has been visiting in this county, left yesterday for home.

MISS MATTIE LACKEY, who has been visiting in Garrard county, returned this week with her beautiful cousin Miss Sallie B. Denny.

MR. ANTHONY, the mother of our clever depot agent and her daughter, Miss Estelle A. Anthony, of St. Albans, Ind. are here on a visit.

MR. J. L. DAWSON, Sr., and wife returned Tuesday from a visit to their children in Missouri. Mr. Dawson tells us that the wheat crop in Cass, Bates and Johnson counties, (those he visited) will average 40 bushels to the acre and that the corn crop is particularly good.

## LOCAL NEWS.

W. C. SMITH was tried yesterday and adjudged a lunatic.

WARRICK & EVANS sell a good two horse wagon with bed and brake, for \$70.

COME UP AND SETTLE.—Mr. John H. Craig urgently requests that all who are indebted to him will settle at once. He needs the money and his friends should answer to the call.

ANOTHER CHARGE.—The Railroad Company has taken off the daily freight trains again. They now run to Louisville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

NEW LAW FIRM.—Our young friend, Wallace E. Varnon, passed a successful examination yesterday and was admitted to the practice of the law. He is a young man of decided ability, and the new firm Varnon & Son, has our best wishes. See card elsewhere.

THE NEW JAIL is under headway and the sub-contractor, Mr. Pfeiffer, is determined to push it rapidly to completion. Mr. Roy McDonald, brother of the Architect, is Superintendent of the job, and will see that the work is done according to specifications.

A LIVELY TIME.—Wednesday evening, the cry of "stop him, stop him," drew a large crowd to the street to witness the chase of the Marshal after Henry Alford, the meanest negro that ever crossed any town. He was taken in tow by Deputy Sheriff Caldwell, and marched back to where the Marshal was trying to make him work out his fine which had been standing against him for some time. He wouldn't work, so the Marshal adopted the good old-fashioned way of persuading him with a stick. The plan worked admirably, and on the negro suggesting that he'd bet he wouldn't catch him there to-morrow, a heavy ball and chain was attached to his leg at quitting time, and in the absence of a jail, he was locked to a post in the court house where Mr. Myers guarded him all night. The Marshal deserves great credit for the manner in which he is disposing of this case, and if he would adopt it as a rule, the negro pests who create so much disturbance here, would learn how to behave themselves.

RAPE.—There were three indictments for rape found by the last grand jury.

RED BRADSHAW went to Danville, Illinois, instead of Tennessee, as reported last week.

The polar wave was delightful, but the weather is fast resuming the temperature of the heated term.

MEXICAN DOLLARS.—Both Banks here have shut down on the Mexican dollars. They are now worth only 90 cents.

BOYLE COUNTY FAIR.—It has been decided to hold a Stock Fair at Danville on the 7th and 8th of August. If it should prove as remunerative and as successful as the one held last year, the stock holders ought to be satisfied. Excursion trains from both ways on the C. L. E. R. will be run each day.

IN TROUBLE.—Fred Rivers, we learn from the Enquirer, was passing counterfeit money, and upon being searched \$50 in counterfeit silver dollars, half and quarters were found on his person. Rivers will be remembered as having assisted Mr. Wilmer for a short time as barber here, during which time no one knew aught against him.

CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS.—A larger crowd than was present at any one time last year, has been at Crab Orchard for the last two weeks. A visit there is simply delightful, and one visit invariably makes you long for another. The hot night will be a most brilliant one, and a number of our young people will avail themselves of the invitation so generously extended to all.

OFF.—We are authorized to withdraw the name of J. J. Landrum from the race for jailor, the Republicans having decided that Mr. H. P. Young is the strongest of the three candidates of that party offering for the office. Mr. Young is a clever gentleman, but he can't be jailor of the city and stick to his Radical proclivities. Thomas D. Newland will occupy the new residence at the jail the ensuing term.

THE HOUSE BURNERS.—Each of the eight persons charged with burning the houses of James Wickham and Francis Laird demanded separate trials, and four days were consumed by them. Six of the prisoners were discharged and two, Peter Cain and Joe Massey, went on for further trial. Their bail was fixed at \$200 each, and failing to give it, they were taken to the Lancaster jail. Their proof was pretty strong against them and several others who have not been arrested.

AT THE REQUEST of Mr. W. M. Kennedy, we publish a card in another column denying some of the reports that are current in regard to his brother, Groves. So far as the card relates to Judge Groves Denny, Jr., we are confident from our knowledge of the man, that he attempted to serve no private ends in his prosecution of Groves Kennedy, but was actuated by a high sense of the interests of the Commonwealth, which he had sworn to protect.

He is an honest and fearless Attorney, and as such, deserves the praise of the people of his District.

AN EXTRA LOCOMOTIVE.—A gentleman connected with R. E. gives us the following: "About 11 years ago, Mr. Geo. Browning, the Engineer on Engine No. 16, Knoxville Branch L. & N. R. R. traded his with one Jas. Stewart of the Main Stem, for a month. On the first trip of Mr. Stewart, he met with an accident which proved fatal after thirty days of suffering. Mr. Browning has been on the Branch ever since, and has run the Engine No. 16, for 61 years, without any repairs worth mentioning, a feat unprecedented in the life of a locomotive. As a general rule locomotives are overhauled every three years, at considerable expense. The No. 16 will go in the shops soon for an overhauling, but Mr. B. don't like to give her up."

SUDDEN DEATH.—Last Thursday, a man apparently thirty years of age, arrived at Crab Orchard Springs with a letter of introduction from a Louisville party, and asked the position of assistant barkeeper. He was given the place, but only worked at intervals, alleging that he had received a stroke before leaving the city. His actions showed plainly that he was suffering from some fatal ailment, as he kept up a continual fighting at imaginary objects. As late as three o'clock Saturday evening, he was at his post and mixing up drinks, but shortly thereafter became so much worse that he was taken to Dr. Carpenter's office. The Doctor had him put to bed and seeing that the case was a severe one, began a vigorous treatment, but six o'clock the man was dead. The letter gave his name as E. Danberry, and we learn that he said he was from San Francisco, California, from whence he had come to see the Mollie McCarthy-Ten Brock race. Judge Carson summoned a jury, who, after hearing the testimony of Dr. Carpenter and others, returned a verdict of death from the effects of sun-stroke and whiskey.

GOT A GOOD CANINO.—One day this week we were walking leisurely along the street, thinking over the ills and vexations that ever beset a newspaper man, when we were made exceedingly happy by being accosted by a friend who handed us a handsome and costly cane, bearing this inscription:

Presented to W. P. Walton, Editor of the Interior Journal, by his friend, J. H. McDonald, A. D. 1878.

Accompanying the cane was the following note:

DEAR SIR.—This Cane is tendered to you by a few of your Lincoln county friends as a slight testimonial of the affectionate esteem in which they hold you, the editor of their county paper. It is refreshing to realize, and simply delightful to contemplate your departure from the dispiriting obscurity of the weekly Press, in general, which prompts a tender regard of unalloyed feelings in chronicling their misdeeds—especially if said names are upon the subscription list, and there is a likelihood of a discontinuance. We hope that this tribute to your "Editorial Interlopers" may prove as pleasantly suggestive to you as is our issue of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL to your abiding friends.

Unworthy as we are of the valuable testimonial, we are filled with a becoming pride at its reception, and will ever cherish the gift and the motives that prompted it, among the happiest recollections of our life. It is indeed pleasant to know that our efforts are so warmly appreciated by those whose opinions we so highly prize, and we shall continue our work with a heart all the lighter by your good words. We have not language sufficient to thank you. Let our future endeavors in behalf of law and order and a truthful era over your every interest show plainer than words how sincerely grateful we are.

MR. JOHN JONES, of Crab Orchard, desires us to say that he is an Independent candidate for Assessor of this county.

PICKIN.—A picnic and dance will be given next Wednesday (July 31st) in the same woodland in which the Tilden and Hendricks Barbecue was held on the farm of Mr. Greenberry Bright.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. E. Barnes, the Librarian, earnestly requests that the members be sent forward at once, either with books to pay their subscriptions or hand in the cash. He has been waiting all the week with but little success.

NOT TRUE.—A report is in circulation that Mr. Shelby Tevis, Manager of the Crab Orchard Springs acted with indecent haste in having the dead man, Danberry, removed from his grounds. We were present and can deny the story. Mr. Tevis, at his own expense, purchased a \$12 coffin and after turning the body over to the county officials, he asked that they remove it to some other point. Mr. Tevis acted as any one else would under the circumstances, and no censure whatever should attach to him.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The first regular Summer Term of this Court convened last Monday. Judge Owsley was promptly on hand, and after the Grand Jury was sworn in, charged it in his usually full manner. The men composing this jury are gentlemen of moral worth and integrity, and will do their whole duty.

GRAND JURY.—Jackson Givens, Foreman; James Paxton, Woodson Ferrell, R. W. Givens, George M. Givens, T. W. Blackberry, A. E. Owen, J. T. Davis, W. C. Bastin, J. S. Robinson, John M. El-Roberts, Sr., S. F. Cowan, A. L. Hale, El-High Hutcheson, Edg. Barnett and John Young.

The Petit Jury too, are men who believe in seeing the laws of the land executed to the letter, and offenders are shaking in their boots.

PERRY JURY.—W. B. Braxdale, Wesley Root, H. C. Hubbard, Milton Rainey, J. M. Higgins, Robert Porter, Garrard Elkin, Wm. L. Mackey, G. K. Noland, L. A. Moore, E. B. Beasley, J. M. Reid, Asher Owens, Ben Groves, Joseph Sewage, J. M. Cooper, L. S. Withers, J. H. Miller, J. H. Walker, J. E. Lynn, E. K. Shewmaker, James Logan, Ed Carter and J. K. Hale.

The cases disposed of at this term are of minor importance, fine and imprisonment in jail being the highest punishment inflicted so far. We give below a list of those convicted.

HANLY OWSEY was tried on a charge of maliciously wounding C. Munday, and fined \$100 and costs. This case has cost Owsey more than \$200, and it is likely that he will not be quite so handy with his little knife in future.

George Camden borrowed a horse of J. J. McKinney without the latter's consent, and rode him nearly to death electing robbery for Bobbitt. The jury very properly fined him \$36 and costs, which Camden couldn't pay nor replevy, so he was taken to the Danville jail. Bobbitt ought surely to help his friend out of trouble.

Martin Smith forfeited his bond of \$50 bail but he was, nevertheless, tried and the jury gave him ten days in jail and \$25 fine for carrying concealed weapons.

John Hughes, of Millersville, got 15 days in jail and \$25 fine for not wearing his pistol on the outside. He was taken to Danville jail.

Robert Jones did not put in an appearance but his case was tried and a judgment of 10 days and \$25 entered against him for the same offense.

Jerry M. Baker was acquitted of the charge of giving whiskey to a minor.

Pole Gentry and Mac Lee, negroes, were fined \$10 each, for gaming, and Abe Carter, another negro, \$20 for same offense.

The indictment against T. J. Cornelison, for breaking into, and stealing the contents of a freight car, was dismissed on account of informality. The Court, however, held him in \$500 bonds to appear at the next Court and await the action of the Grand Jury in his case.

Thomas Gaddis broke the peace and was sent to the Boyle county jail 10 days and fined \$20 for it.

George Benedict was tried under a like charge and got the same verdict. He also reposes in the Boyle Jail.

John Benedict, a cousin of George, was sent to keep him company during his confinement, and fined \$36 for carrying concealed weapons.

Bill Jackson, negro, stole meat, and the jury thought it was more than he should serve the county 30 days at hard labor. He is helping to build the new jail.

Nannie Middleton, —, for fornication, was fined \$20.

Thomas Shelton, for retailing liquor was fined \$20 in two cases.

T. Ronton for keeping a tippling house had to plunk up \$60.

John Horton was tried in two cases for retailing liquor and fined \$20 in each case.

Hiram Hiatt forfeited his bond of \$300 in the case against him for malicious wounding. His bondsman claimed that as he was held to the October term the Court had no right to demand his presence now.

The case of Sam Holmes was called on Monday, when the attorneys signifying their intention of applying for a change of venue, Judge Owsley gave them time to prepare the proper affidavit in the case, and it will be disposed of this morning. We understand that affidavits against the case to Boyle or Garrard, will also be presented. This change of venue business is getting too common; any criminal can get justice here, and none of them should expect more than that.

The Grand Jury adjourned yesterday evening, after having found 22 indictments, most of them are for misdemeanors.

The Court will adjourn to-day after disposing of the Holmes case.

## MARRIAGES.

COMPTON—CULLEN.—Evelyn M. Compton and Miss Lizzie Cullen were married at Millersville yesterday.

ROUTEN—RODGERS.—On the 21st inst., Wm. Routen and Miss Lucinda Rodgers were united in matrimony.

## DEATHS.

WHISGEE.—Mrs. Dr. J. R. Whisger of Danville died on Tuesday evening.

SPRAGGINS.—Mrs. Polly A. Spraggins, for forty years a resident of this place, died at her sister's, Mrs. Harry Smith, near Nicholasville, last Saturday night. No particular disease caused her death, but was the result of a general breaking down of her constitution. In early life she connected herself with the Christian church, and lived and died a good and pious woman. She was 69 years of age.

GOOD.—At his residence, on Monday night, Mr. Lorenzo D. Goodie died suddenly from an attack of paralysis, in the 70th year of his age. Starting life as poor as any body, without even the slightest education, Mr. Goodie, by a strict application to business and a faithful observance of all his promises and contracts, amassed by his own exertions an estate valued at from \$40,000 to \$50,000. Even before he had the means to back him, he possessed alacrity second hardly to any man in the county, so great was the confidence reposed in his honesty. Not until he became of age did he learn to read and write, but his sound, common sense and good judgment were recognized all over the county, and in 1869 he was elected to the Legislature, and he served till 1871 with a good deal of credit. Specially, Mr. Goodie was greatly beloved by his neighbors, for a more charitable man or a man more willing to bear his share of the burdens of the community was hard to find. His wife and seven children, or their immediate heirs, survive him. Mr. Goodie was for many years a faithful member of the Christian church, and died with a bright hope of future happiness. His remains were interred in Buffalo Cemetery.

## RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Mr. Briggs will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning and night.

Rev. J. M. Bruce will preach at Willow Grove School-house next Sunday at 4 p.m.

Elder S. H. King will occupy the pulpit at the Christian church, next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

The confessions at Mr. Barnes' meeting at Greensburg now number 198, and the increase is growing daily.

Rev. Arthur Little, pastor of the New England Congregational Church at Chicago, gave a \$12,000 salary.

Bishop Whittle, of Virginia, has refused to administer the rite of confirmation to any one unless he or she promises to renounce round dancing.

Rev. M. G. Briggs, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, raised a raid of 250 inches in circumference. He says he has the raid to show to any body that disputes it. Mr. Thos. Gains, near this place, has a bunch of rye in his field with 63 stalks in it supposed by all who have seen it, to have come from one grain of rye. Who can beat that?

The wheat crop in this section of Kentucky is very large. The average yield in this county is probably not less than twenty-five bushels to the acre. —(Paris Citizen.)

Mr. John Bright has two of the largest hay ricks we have seen for many a day. They are 50 feet long, 20 feet high, and 15 feet thick. Hay is very abundant in this county.

## HUSBANDS.

LAND FOR SALE.

Mrs. Harriet J. Campbell has for sale 82 acres of first-class land adjoining Hustonville. About half the tract is in cultivation; the remainder in timber, and finely set in grass. Water is abundant. Other lands immediately contiguous are for sale. This is a valuable and beautiful property. She wishes to sell also her dwelling-house and lot in the village.

## LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

Wagonburg SICKNESS.

Mr. William Padgett's wife and two of his daughters are ill of Typhoid fever.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Nannie Wolf, of this place, has just returned home from Missouri, where she has been to visit her husband, who is in business there.

DEATH.

On the 5th inst., Mrs. Lucinda Long—of a cancer. On the 6th inst., a little infant of Thos. Wilson's. On the 17th inst., Mrs. Emily Singleton.

MARRIED.

On the 21st inst., at the residence of Samuel Epthegrove, by Rev. M. A. Middleton, Mr. Wm. Ronton to Miss Lucinda Rodgers. This makes Ronton's fourth wife.

BIRTHS.

Born sometime since the wife of H. S. Gooch, a boy. Also to the wife of August Padgett, a girl, and a few days since to the wife of W. R. Reynolds, a bouncing big boy.

CURIOSITIES.

Mr. Jos. Eubanks, near Buck Creek, raised a raid of 250 inches in circumference. He says he has the raid to show to any body that disputes it. Mr. Thos. Gains, near this place, has a bunch of rye in his field with 63 stalks in it supposed by all who have seen it, to have come from one grain of rye. Who can beat that?

PHOTOGRAPH.

THE WEATHER is hot enough to give a small the thumbs if he travels out of a walk.

FARMERS BUSY.

The busy time with the farmers will soon be over. They are making hay while the sun shines.

NEED RAIN.

A good rain would be very acceptable just now. Corn in this locality is suffering for the want of it.

PREMIUMS.

Messrs. Rubie Harris and Tom Robinson brought back a number of blue ties from the Kirtland Fair.

SCHOOL.

Mr. Thos. Baker, of Mitchellburg, commenced teaching school at Bright's School-house last Monday.

GOING TO CINCINNATI.

The colored folks of this place are making great preparations to take a trip to Cincinnati on the Excursion next Sunday.

NOT QUITE BUT ALMOST DROWNED.

Mr. John Hampton came very near being drownded last Saturday while in a bathing.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. H. Arnold, of Richmond, was in town last Sunday. Messrs. Ben Grimes and T. S. Farris, of Bryantville, were here on Monday last.

THE CRAPS.

Some few crops of wheat have been threshed in this neighborhood. The farmers say that it is not turning out as well as they expected. The oat crop is said to be better than it has been for years.

POKER FUN AT A BLACKWELL ELKIN.

The editor of the Garrard News offers a little apology for not having more news the last week. He says he was so closely confined that he was unable to lumber around and gather local items. We sanction every thing he says, for we saw him pass through our town last week. He was very closely confined—we won't tell who was with him, though.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

LANCASTER.

AND THE LORD BE PRAISED.

The cold wave has come.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Jno. Armstrong and his bride have returned to Lancaster from an extended trip, and will remain a few days at Mr. Frank J. White's. Miss Lillia Smith has gone to Harrodsburg for a visit. Misses Nannie Cook and Helen Reid, of Hustonville, are the guests of Miss Sallie Huffman.

THE KIRKSVILLE FAIR.

Was attended by a goodly caravan of Lancastrians. The most of them were so intent upon the fair as to bring home but a confused idea of what took place in the arena. Mr. Clarke Farris took two premiums. The man with the patent churn and several of his co-workers in the wonderful, were present.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEYORS.

On Tuesday afternoon a party of Geological Surveyors, numbering twenty, paused to take breath in our city. Among them were students and Professors from Harvard, Louisville, Bowling Green, Lexington and New York. The tall tower of our Court-house proving attractive, some of the party made the ascent and took a bird's-eye view of the broad landscape.

ELECTIONS.

Married at Jeffersonville, Ind., on Wednesday, the 24th inst., Miss Maggie Love Yantis to Mr. Jones Salter, both of this place. The bride returned on Thursday, to Judge R. L. Grinnan's, accompanied by Mr. W. B. Mason and Miss Fannie Scott. Neither party having attained the legal age legally enjoined for matrimony, their friends had advised a little patient waiting for Father Time to mend the difficulty; but it seems that youth is mighty and will prevail.

A VISIT TO CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS.

Last Friday evening a party of ten or twelve persons went from this place to Crab Orchard, to see friends and spend several hours in agreeable social communion. We arrived at the sunset hour when beautifully-attired children and gaily-dressed visitors were starting out for the evening visit. Not since the ante-bellum days has there been such an array of handsome persons, baronesses and buggies at the Springs. In other words, the "turn-outs" are splendid and numerous. The grounds were lovely in the soft rosy glow

of the departing twilight, and resounded with animated conversation among the groups that dotted the grassy court. The main building re-echoed the notes of the band of music, and one vainly longed to hear more as the vibrations died away in the clustering foliage and brilliant parterres. The latter might be called more strictly, rockeries, but this term robs the graceful flowers of their prestige; and yet never were more brilliant boulders gathered from mountain soil to grace the paths of civilization. The arrival of the bus in the event of the day, and during the heat of season the watching eyes were rewarded by as many as thirty new comers at once. As early as half-past eight the dancing commenced. The indefatigable Mr. L. S. Tevis, who had been on the wing since four A. M., was conspicuous as manager of the floor. The usual programme was observed till eleven, at which hour every thing gave place for the German. The latter dance was very beautiful when smoothly conducted. The parties engaged upon this occasion were considerably out of practice, yet, some of the figures were creditably performed.

COUNTY COURT AND CONVENTION.

Monday was a day to be remembered. In addition to the claims of County Court upon the citizens at large, the Democratic Convention presented irresistible attractions to the voters. These last were flocking in from an early hour, in buggies, carriages, wagons, on horseback, in squads, in companies, and occasionally in regiments. Not since the old election days when the pistol and glass ruled, have there been such an ingathering. The saloons were closed and nothing disorderly or violent marked the proceedings. During the forenoon ten shares of Bank stock belonging to the late Mrs. S. Burton, were sold at \$130 each. Other shares were withdrawn because of the low price offered. The land of Mr. Thos. Anderson was sold under *fi fa* as follows: 51 acres, 3 roads, 16 poles, at \$49 85 per acre; 11 acres, 2 roads, 30 poles, at \$39 50 per acre. Mr. A. G. Herndon was the purchaser. At 2 o'clock the Convention was called, the Hon. G. W. Dunlap, in the Chair; Judge R. L. Grinnan and Mr. A. B. Elkin, Secretaries. Col. Walton, as regular Chairman of the Democratic Council, introduced the object of the present meeting in a neat little speech, enjoining at the same time, orderly demeanor and becoming dignity. George W. Dunlap, Jr., read the prepared resolutions which were to pro-rotate the vote and transfer the votes of any candidate who might be dropped from the contest to Durham. Mr. W. D. Hopper offered a substitute to the last clause, which was that the votes of the rejected candidate be distributed. This was stoutly combatted in short speeches. Mr. B. M. Burdett came forth for his man; George Dunlap, Jr., made an animated speech; Mr. J. T. McQuerry mounted the podium, Col. J. H. Bruce moved a disposal of the previous question; the Chairman expounded the question; a clamor was threatening as the noble army of voters surged to and fro, shouting for their rights. At this juncture Col. Mat. Walton, with great dignity and emphasis made the people understand that they had their rights already—had had fair and honest dealings, and had had all they should have. Those who heard, both Democrats and Republicans, came forth from the convulsed with favorable comments upon this telling stroke. Altogether the Convention proved unusually quiet and orderly. The throng moved down stairs and the voting began. For remainder of proceedings see official report in another column. SAPHO.

PERSONAL.

Miss Annie Abell who has been visiting relatives and friends here for some weeks left for her home last Tuesday, accompanied by her cousin, Abie Fish. Found and Tom have put on very melancholy countenances, and they may be seen often during the day in close communion. We know how to sympathize with you, boys, for we have been there.

MULES KILLED.

Last Friday morning the Northern bound freight train between Piney Branch and Round Stone switches, ran over and killed three fine mules belonging to Mr. Joe Shreve. Mr. Shreve is operating the Piney Branch Coal Mines, and used these mules in his bank and on the



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, July 26, 1878.

## MIRON AND MARION.

They stood just beneath the shade of a giant tree on the summit of the rocky mountain to which they had climbed, and we scarcely need be present sooner to know of the fond light in the dark eyes of this man with the strong, athletic form, handsome, sunburnt face and stamp of intellect on the broad, white forehead, the conscious blush and happy, downcast eyes of this fair-haired, sweet-faced girl, to know that the old story which was poured into the ears of maidens long before the ark rested on Mount Ararat, and which will ever be new at each repetition till the earth is no more, had but just been listened to here in the heart of nature's solitude, and had met with an answer which had brought light and happiness into two more loving hearts, and pledged their owners to walk together down life's pathway till one or both should enter the dark valley and cross the shining river to that other shore.

Thoughts of this nature were stirring now in the minds of both as they took a parting look at the beautiful scene spread out beneath them, and the place where they had known such thrilling happiness already, and then turned and descended the precipitous descent, building bright air-castles in the future in which they were the principal figures, as they walked along, hand in hand. Half way down the descent they paused to rest, Miron Tremont spreading his rich cloak with its jeweled clasp over the rough rocks as a seat for the little country lassie whom he had chosen to bear the honors of mistress of the great ancestral castle, whose frowning battlements and great gabled and many-chimneyed roof were just visible in the distance as it reared itself upon the rocky, wind-swept bluff above the swift-rolling river beneath, and from the top of which flew the flag of blue and gold which announced to his people that the Lord of Tremaine had returned to his stately home—the Lord of Tremaine, whose express commands his son had violated in winning the promise of Marion Seaton to be his wife, and who, if he knew of that son's disobedience, would not scruple in his haughty pride and anger to turn him from his home, title and inheritance forever.

"You will trust me, darling; you will wait a little for me to gain my father's sanction to our union, will you not?" questioned Miron, earnestly.

"I will trust you always, and even though your love for me caused your disobedience I would still love you all the more for your misfortune, and cling to you till the end, striving to compensate for your loss. If you were a day laborer with the soil I have learned to love, it would still be the same." And he needed but a glance into the truthful eyes and childish, trusting face to know that the words were the sincere outpourings of her faithful little heart.

He pressed the slight form close in a passionate embrace, too happy and oblivious of the outer world in this sudden great joy which he could scarcely realize as yet, to notice that the man whom he had knocked down upon the top of the mountain for forcing his presence upon the gentle girl at his side to plead his unwelcome and twice rejected suit, was now skulking in their rear, but near enough to hear their every word, and laying deep plots of vengeance upon both.

Again they resumed their way, and again the rejected and revengeful lover dogged their footsteps. Twilight deepened into night, and the pale young moon, as if fearful of a rebuff or reproach from earth for not being able to shed more radiance upon one of her most beautiful midsummer-night scenes, peeped only now and then from the fleecy clouds which scarcely veiled her face.

At length the pair paused in the shade of a giant cypress tree. Beneath them lay the little village where she lived, bathed in the pale light of the moon; above them the summer sky seeming to bend low over their heads in benediction; to the right, the road which led to his stately home—into a sphere of life so different from hers, and which, though shrinking from it, she would one day enter for his sake, and behind them the dark mountain and the listening figure, standing in the background like an avenging Nemesis. But he heeded nothing of all this. He stood holding her hands and looking into her face.

"If I only were concerned I would defy every thing and appear with you before them all. But it would deprive you also of the sources of enjoyment I hope to give you, for some one would make his delight to report it to my father before I could have time to prepare him fully for the announcement of our engagement, and my disobedience would inevitably ensue. I hate to leave you to go the rest of the way alone, but it is an unfrequent fear," said Miron, uneasily, with a vague presentiment of evil.

"Afraid! not at all. It is better so, dearest. Good-night."

Then he left her, his footsteps echoing long on the rocky path, his form followed by her loving gaze. A step sounded in the dry leaves at her side, and she turned with a little cry at beholding the face of her rejected lover close to hers.

"Gustave Harvey!" she gasped, and turned to flee, but he caught her in his strong arms and hissed,—

"Marion Seaton, thrice you have rejected me and scorned my love for the sake of that young lordling—whose sport you are for the hour, to be cast aside at last—and thrice have I accepted your decree humbly, but still determined to win you. I do not offer it again—you are engaged to another man now. I do not want you. Holding you as I have never been allowed and never dared hold you before, I renounce all love for you; it is transformed into hate—and swear to be revenged! I give you fair warning. The life of one or the other of you shall pay the penalty you have incurred in wounding the pride and love which in your hands might have made a man of me instead of a devil. Go, girl!" And with a gesture of passionate anger and hate he flung the slight form from him. "Go, and thank not your dastard lover who left you unprotected, that he might keep up the pleasant little farce between you a while longer, that I now allow you even to return to your home alive!"

She was alone—panting, breathless, horror-stricken, with her face upturned to the cold moon and his words filling the air about her, causing her eyes to dilate and her heart to beat almost to suffocation with her terror.

The next evening Marion Seaton, walking on the outskirts of the village, accidentally met her lover and gave him a full account of the scene between herself and Gustave Harvey, after his departure, and Miron Tremont, his noble, manly nature aroused to fury as it were, in spite of Marion's remonstrances, set out in quest of the man to obtain redress for what he deemed an insult to his future bride. But his search for him was futile. He found his house deserted and his belongings all removed with their owner, who had gone—no one knew whither. Baffled and impatient Miron set out to make inquiries, but in answer to his first question he received the dread news that his father had been thrown from his horse and seriously injured. Stopping only long enough to make an appointment for a next meeting with Marion, he hastened homeward to find it only too true—that the old Lord of Tremaine could not live a week.

## CHAPTER II.

THOUGH the country was old and well-settled the newly proposed railroad, with its accompanying steam and shriek, smoke and din, had but just been laid through the little village and across the broad, dark river some two miles below the frowning old castle on the bluff, and not far from the town. Here the track crossed the river by means of a trestle-work, or bridge supported by stone pillars with abutments at each end. Here in the shadow of one of these vast stone abutments, where the wild weeds and tangled grass and vines grew rank over the refuse stones which the workmen had thrown aside, at Marion, waiting in the sunset glow for her lover to "keep tryst!" Twilight was already deepening in the hazel copes and under the drooping willows which fringed the bank, and the night-birds were already circling with shrill cries far above her head, when at last, impatient at his delay, she ascended to the track and walked cautiously along the ties with their view of dark, swift-running waters between each, and at last paused half-way across the river, a slight sense of dizziness creeping over her, and strained her eyes far into the darkening stream. Suddenly a radiant light illumined her beautiful face, and a cry of joy parted the perfect lips; she saw him coming far beyond the abrupt turn which would soon hide him from view, his stalwart form bent to the oars, and the boat speeding through the water like a petrel under the impetus of his strong arms. He saw her also and paused to wave his handkerchief before he shot out of sight. She clung to a great upright beam of the bridge for a moment, and then turned and sped back to the trysting place, her light garments brushing the very face of a man crouched in the shadows of another, and who now arose and followed her noiselessly, arriving in the shadow of the buttress beneath in time to witness the whole of the interview he had come to listen to. It was an hour before Miron Tremont at length looked at his watch, promised to meet his betrothed there at twilight the next Saturday night, and then assisted her into the boat with tender care to row her back to the shore at the foot of the little village. And the dark figure in the background resolved to be there too.

Summit again casting its rosy hue over the mountain village and the dark, rapid river, whose moaning waters murmured out of the tragedy to be enacted there that night; and again the still figure waits beside the buttress, the twilight deepens; the night-birds circle about her head, and again she grows impatient, ascends to the track and walks lightly along the ties, pausing midway and straining her eyes again into the gathering darkness

to catch sight of the loved one for whom she waits. Again as she moves uneasily her dress brushes the face of that unseen foe, and his eyes glare up into the innocent, watching face, with murder in their depths, noting every varying expression there, and only waiting his opportunity to grasp her slight, powerless form in his muscular arms and hurl her into eternity.

Suddenly the radiant light breaks again over the lovely face, brightly illuminating every feature like the light of the moon bursting from a cloud upon a clear fountain. He knows now that he has seen her, has signalled to her, has passed again by her sight—his opportunity has come. He waits only for her to pass; she turns and takes a swift step forward, only to be caught up from her feet and crushed so close in an iron grasp that no breath is left her to cry out or offer resistance. Her head falls back, her eyes are starting, her face a ghastly, blue-white in its paleness; in her terror her senses are fast fleeing away, but they are brought back with a rush like surging waters when the words are hissed into her ear,—

"Marion Seaton, the hour for your death and my revenge has come! I promised—I vowed—that one of you should taste death, and I heard you tell him that you would gladly die for him, so I now allow you to redeem your empty, foolish words by choosing you in preference to him, and of course it gives you great joy to give your life for his, almost equal to mine at being able to complete my revenge! This, then, girl, is the revenge I take!"

He raised her in his arms above his head—the wild, murderous light in his eyes, the strength of steel and brass in his sinews—and with a fiendish laugh flung her slight form far over the side of the bridge into the swift, dark waters beneath.

The rush of cold air revived her sufficiently to give one wild, agonized shriek, which clef the air like a knife, rousing the slumbering echoes far and near, and then she struck with a dull splash in the dark waters which opened to receive her.

Miron Tremont, nearly a mile up the river beyond the bend, had seen his betrothed upon the bridge and signalled her joyfully, and with renewed energy bent to the oars, and with the aid of the swift current sent the winged flying through the water like a winged thing, anxious to tell her the news which divided his mind between grief and joy, for that morning his old father had passed peacefully away to the better land, after giving his consent to, and his blessing upon the union he had at first opposed; and now, as Lord Miron, of Tremont, he was coming at the appointed hour to claim his bride.

Impatiently he rowed on until he rounded the turn, and then the sight which met his eyes caused his face to turn pale and great drops of agony to stand forth upon his forehead; he saw the form of a man, which he recognized as that of Marion's rejected lover, Gustave Harvey, spring from the shadow of a great beam on the bridge, raise her in his arms, and holding her there for the space of a minute, during which the water with the speed of an antelope, while his senses reeled and his brain seemed on fire at sight of the peril of his loved one; he then hurried her over the side of the bridge to the river below.

Who can tell of the agony of a whole lifetime of misery spent in the torture chambers of the inquisition crowded into those few moments of wretched suspense, when the boat leaped ahead with bounds under the strokes of the bending oars which lashed the water into foam on either side, while Lord Miron, bending to his work with the strength of a giant, born of excitement and despair, strained his eyes to see that loved form rise above the dark water after that one despairing shriek rent the air. It rose for the first time much too far away for him to rescue her—so near and yet so far—and even while he gave what seemed to be the last stroke before he had her in his arms, she sank again from his view. With one wild cry he flung the oars aside and leaped into the water, determined that if he could not save her to die with her.

One—three frantic strokes he gave, then his head struck the stone pillar that supported the bridge. He was half stunned for a moment, then passed his arm about the pillar and in desperation and despair waited but one little turn of the wheel of fate to decide whether to-morrow's sun should shine upon the faces of a happy bride and groom, or upon two forms locked in the embrace of death beneath the stone abutments of the river bridge. Only one little minute; how much longer it has taken me to write it than the space of time upon which two lives hung; then with one arm he clasped the living, though unconscious form of Marion, and with the other drew himself and her into the floating boat.

The boat drifted on out of the shadow of the bridge even as they had drifted out of the "shadow of the valley of death," and the moon burst from the dark cloud for the first time, touching all nature with silver-tipped fingers. Involuntarily Lord Miron's eyes were raised to Heaven in thanksgiving, and his gaze rested at once upon the form of his darling's would-be-murderer, while upon his ears fell the thunder of the oncoming night

express. Forward came the great snorting engine, its great eye glaring into the darkness ahead, but not with a sight keen enough to see the form of a man upon the bridge. It slackened speed slightly as it neared the river, but still seemed to come like the wind. The man upon the bridge kept on the same leisure gait, either oblivious of all things about him, or else counting or defying death.

Even Lord Miron, much as he hated the man, found it not in his heart to wish him the death which was inevitable, unless something was done, and cried out to him twice without effect. And still the thunder of the train came closer and closer, and the man heeded it not. Now it was so close that its light fell upon his white face and glaring eyes, and again Miron, holding Marion close to his breast as if in fear for her, cried out wildly to him, and this time the cry was almost a shriek of terror; then he closed his eyes and bowed his head to shut out the terrible sight, while a wild cry and a harsh grating sound, mingled with the shriek of the train, told all too plainly that Gustave Harvey had rushed to that eternity into which he had sought to plunge an innocent soul, while Miron's revenge, if he sought any, was now complete.

**A New Paper.**  
One more unfortunate, Rashly impetuous, (to the devil).

Why any man, sane or insane, with a sound body and a chance to cultivate his neighbor's watermelon patch and smokehouse after night, should ever want to be an editor is more than we can tell. It is a conundrum that stumps us as plump as a sumac grub does a bare toe, or as a common-sense question does an average politician.

As for us, give us liberty, or give us a respectable death by an undisturbed corpse and a good looking girl to kiss us for our mother. An editor! Every body's pecking-block, scapegoat and swag-bagged pack-mule. Ten thousand and times one-million rather let us be a bootblack, chimney sweep, penitentiary bird or a congressman; be nud-cleer on a coal barge, deck hand in a tripe factory, engineer of a one-donkey-power canal-boat, dairy maid with an aged ox and two he-goats as our stock in trade, or servant gal in a poorhouse or an orphan asylum; be a stock gambler, railroad director, president of a sausage machine, a rag vender, charcoal hawker, governor or darkey-Zion whangdoodle, anything, every thing but an editor, and there are victims, self-doomed, ever ready to sacrifice themselves on the ink-smeared altar of endless and thankless drudgery. One has just stepped forward and offered his accommodation to the public boot-toe in Richmond, fair Richmond on the "Jeans." He is our friend, C. R. Whipple, whom we were expecting out here in Bentonville.

His haunting is the *Tenacit*. He is a gifted, brainy fellow, and his paper sparkles like a wheat field full of lightning bugs! We wish him far more luck than most men find in the line of life he has chosen, and trust he may escape the rag-man and buzzards in this world, and the printers' devil in the next.

**Man's vapor.**  
Full of words, Starts a paper, Up he goes.—[Ed. Psi. Donan in Bentonville, Ark., Advance.

Some of the water of Niagara Falls is to be carried in pipes to Buffalo, and there used instead of steam power for driving various kinds of machinery. A company has been formed with a capital of a million dollars, and the work has been commenced. The plan is to divert a sufficient amount of the water in such a way that it will fall into upright iron pipes, compressing the air in them with tremendous force. This compressed air will be directed into strong pipes running to Buffalo, where it will be utilized as a motive power. It is said that experience has proved the feasibility of the enterprise.

By every consideration of profit and propriety, the blood should be kept absolutely pure by using Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

**Whoever and wherever**  
Disease of cholera type prevail, and there is cause to apprehend a visit from them, the system should be toned, regulated and reinforced by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Perfect digestion and a regular habit of the bowels are the best safeguards against such maladies, and both are secured by this inimitable tonic and aperient. The Bitters are also extremely serviceable in remedying such disorders. If promptly taken in bilious colic, diarrhea or cholera morbus, the disease is usually treated. In diarrhea cases, it is only necessary to restore the tone of the relaxed bowels, and this is one of the specific effects of this medicine. Wind on the stomach, heartburn, biliousness, nausea, headache and other symptoms of disturbance in the gastric and hepatic regions are also speedily relieved by this excellent remedy. As a family medicine, it is invaluable, since it promptly and completely restores the bowels to their normal condition, and is a cure for making one but Bitter. Price 25 cents a Bottle. Bohn & Stagg keeps it.

**What is Portulaca?**  
This question is thus briefly and truthfully answered. Portulaca, or Table's Vegetable Liver Powder, derives its name from the fact that it regulates those portions of the body through which the most dangerous diseases make their entrance into the human system. Simple and healthy, for which we are indebted to natural nature, have been scientifically combined, and presented as a cure to all suffering with Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a torpid liver. Price 25 cents a Package. For sale at Bohn & Stagg.

**Take that Buckeye Out of Your Pocket!**  
Now that the medical properties of the Buckeye are clearly established, and out and for the cure of the Piles, why not make application of its healing virtues in the form of Table's Buckeye Liver Powder and be cured? This preparation is made from the Buckeye and potentia of this order at the combined with other ingredients, is offered to the public as a cure for making one but Bitter. Price 25 cents a Bottle. Bohn & Stagg keeps it.

**MARKETS.**  
The retail prices for provisions, etc., are as follows:  
Rice, 100 lbs., \$3.00  
Wheat, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Flour, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Eggs, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Lard, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Sugar, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Coffee, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Tea, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Spices, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Honey, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Milk, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Cream, 100 lbs., \$2.00  
Butter, 100 lbs., \$2